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Abernathy & Tandy,

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OFFICE: In Central Warehouse.

J. C. Shannahan,

BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

CORNER ST. & PLANTERS BANK. All styles made at bottom figures and guaranteed.

[Jan 1-1884]

Pictures! Pictures!!

I will probably be closed up in a short while, by my sky-light will be stopped up by the wall of the new building now being erected adjoining my gallery. I will then not be able to take pictures until I move into my quarters in the new building. I hope those who want pictures will call as early as possible and let me serve them while I can.

[Feb 2-1884]

CLARENCE ANDERSON.

R. W. HENRY.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

East side Main St., over Kelly's Jewelry Store.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

[17 Jan 1-1884]

DR. W. M. FUQUA,

Surgeon.

Office in Postell Building,

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

[17 Jan 1-1884]

Andrew Seargent, M. D.

OFFICE

MAIN STREET,

Opposite Kopper's Drug Store.

Nov. 7-1884.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

Inserted in Fifteen minutes after natural ones are extracted, by

R. R. BOURNE,

DENTIST.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Dec. 17

Campbell & Medley

DENTISTS.

NEW BEARD BUILDING

Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.

Jan. 3-1884

COOK & RICE,

PREMIUM LAGER BEER

CITY BREWERY.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

No. 214, upper Seventh St.

Oct 20-1884

Edward Laurent,

ARCHITECT,

No. 23 PUBLIC SQUARE,

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

C. H. BUSH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Office with G. A. Chapman, Weber Block, Will Practice in Christian and Adjoining Counties. COLLECTION A SPECIALTY.

Nov. 1884.

HORSES AND MULES

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—AT—

Polk Canaler's

Livery Feed & Sale Stable.

Auction sale of Live Stock, Saturday after second Monday in each month. Special livery rates given to commercial men.

Hopkinsville Street, near Main. Come and see me.

POLK CANALER

Peck's Bad Boy And His Pa.

By George W. Peck.

"Get out of here now, pretty lively," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in rubbing his hands and trying to be pleasant. "A boy that will loaf around here and eat things, and kick when I ask him to help me sort over potatoes, can't stay in my store, Git," and the groceryman picked up a link of sausage and looked mad.

"O, go home yourself," said the boy as he drew a knife and cut a slice off the groceryman's weapon, and began eating it, as unconcerned as possible. "When you want work done, say so and I will help you, but when you say 'let's go' and have some fun—sprouting potatoes or carrying in coal, that is too thin. When you say that, you are a gay deceiver, and you are guilty of false pretenses. But quit lying and call it by its right name, work, and you catch Henry, but not with funny chaff. But I have got all the work I want on my hands now. I have been appointed pa's guardian, by ma, and I am straining every nerve to keep pa out of politics."

"Good gracious," said the groceryman in alarm, "I am sorry for your pa, if he has got his head set on going into politics. I was in politics one year myself, and it has taken me five years to get out and pay my debts, and now every ward politician owes me for groceries. You see, they came to me and wanted me to run for supervisor. They said I was just the man they wanted, a man with a large head, one who was a business man, and would not kick at the expenditure of a few dollars when he could make a barrel of money. They said I was on the board of supervisors, handled the funds, and I could make the purchases of groceries and provisions for all the county institutions, the poor-house, house of correction, insane asylum, hospitals, and everything, and I could buy them at my own store at my own price, and in two years I could be rich as any man in town. Well, I never had a proposition strike me so favorably, and I went in head over heels. For a month I went around our ward night and day, spending money, and the politicians came to the store and traded when I was out, and had it charged, and when the caucus was held I only got one vote for supervisor, and I voted that myself. Well, the politicians tried to explain to me, but I bought a revolver, and they kept away. Do you know, the next day after the caucus I didn't have twenty dollars worth of groceries in the store, and the clerk was dying of homesickness? Whatever your pa does, don't let him go into politics, for he will bring up in an infirmity asylum, sure."

"Well, pa has got it bad, but he is too numerous. He has been yearning for two years for a political campaign to open. I don't suppose there is a citizen who enjoys politics as much as pa. He stays out at nights till the last place is closed, and is the first man on the street in the morning. He has drunk with more candidates, more different times, than anybody, and when he is so full that he can't drink he takes a cigar and brings it home. His guests have been smoking up old election cigars ever since the Hancock campaign, and some of them are awful. But this time they are going to run pa for alderman, and he has opened the campaign with a cork-screw. Pa thinks that the position of alderman is greater than governor, because aldermen wear a badge, and have influence. But pa is overdoing the thing. He wants to please everybody, and he has promised to put ninety-seven men on the police force, has promised forty-four men the position of bridge-tender, and there is only one bridge in his ward. He promises the saloon keepers to reduce the price of licenses, and allow them to keep open all night, and he has promised the prohibition temperance people to raise saloon licenses to a thousand dollars and close every saloon in town. The result is going to be if pa is not elected he will kill himself, and if he is elected the people will kill him, so somebody has got to save pa."

"You can't do it as long as the fever is on," said the groceryman. "You have got to watch him, and when he meets with defeat or reverses in politics, then fire some sense into him. But as long as he is red hot in a campaign, nothing will stop him. I have seen a politician who was full of enthusiasm and beer, fall into the river and drown, and the police pulled him out and then rolled him on a barrel, and pretty soon he came to and the first thing he said was 'Rah for Tilden. Set 'em up again!' You would have thought that man would quit politics, and try and lead a different life, but the next day he was going whooping around, electioneering in the saloons and on the street corners, with a cork life preserver strapped around him. He is alive yet, and is an alderman. When a man gets into politics it takes possession of him, and wherever he is he is getting in his work for his party. There was a ward politician that I knew once that made a specialty of laboring with the working men. One day he was on top of a building that was being erected, arguing with a

M. FRANKEL & SONS,

WILL OPEN TO-DAY

An Elegant Line of

Torchon Laces, Hamburg Edgings, Check Muslins

AND BLEACHED COTTON,

AT REMARKABLY LOW PRICES.

Ladies Should Not Fail to Call and See Them.

A few more Marseills Quilts and Lace Curtains left, which will be closed out at a Great Sacrifice.

brick layer, when his foot slipped and he fell off. As he was going down he passed a coal carrier going up with a load of mortar. You would think that a man would forget politics, as he was falling, and say his prayers, or pick out a soft place to strike on the sidewalk, but he didn't. As he passed the coal carrier he yelled to him, 'Don't forget the caucus to-night in your ward and get out all the boys.' He struck in a bed of soft mortar, which saved his life, and as they took a hoe and pulled him to the surface he scraped the mortar out of his eyes, and as a doctor came up to set his bones he asked the doctor if he had made up his mind how to vote this year. No, sir, there is no room in a politician for any thing except politics. I was never so annoyed in my life as I was in church when they put a politician in my pew, and when we got up to sing and opened the hymn book, the politician had a republican presidential ballot under his thumb, and I had to read it all through. Dear me, if you can get your pa out of politics, do it if you have to tear the life out of him.

"Let ma and me alone for that," said the boy. "We are experimenting with phosphorus, and some night when the campaign is fairly opened, and pa comes home late at night acting crooked, he will see the handwriting on the wall of a dark room, and the skeletons and snakes and things that will break him up. If every politician had a good little boy to look after him he might be saved or killed, which would be better than lingering in politics to be cut down like a flower after he had gone through his property and lost his health, and the boy went out to learn how to draw a skeleton on the wall with phosphorus and the groceryman sat and thought of his own experience as a politician.—Peck's Sun.

"Same to You and All Your Family."

Some years there lived in the "Old North State" two men who had been great friends, but who "fell out," and refused to speak to each other. One day they met by chance in Raleigh, the county town, and Sheriff H., a mutual friend prevailed on them to "make friends" and shake hands.

After this, all hands repaired to the nearest saloon to drown all recollections of the unpleasant affair, and just as the glasses were raised Sheriff H., who was a man of stentorian lungs, stormed into the car of farmer L. (one of the reconciled, and who was as deaf as a post.) H. told on Mr. Lilly Mr. Penny (the other reconciled) is going to drink a toast.

The glasses were held in a position to be tipped at the proper moment, when Mr. Penny, thinking to have some sport at the expense of his deaf neighbor, said: "Here's wishing you were in purgatory, you infamous old scoundrel."

Old man Lilly was not to be outdone in politeness, and though he had not heard a single word uttered he replied at once: "The same to you Mr. Penny, and all your family."

This created such a laugh among the by-standers, that explanations had to be made to old man Lilly, and instead of the breach being closed between the two, it was made wider. But "the same to you, and all your family," is still a well known reply in that locality.

In a town in Kentucky a lady found the proprietor of the store so sound asleep that she thought he was dead. At first it was supposed he was a retired night watchman and imagined himself back on duty, but inquiry developed the fact that he didn't advertise.

BONNETS OF NEW DESIGN.

Just What the Most Stylish Head-gear for Spring Will Be Like.

[New York Evening Post.]

The more recent importations of French round hats and bonnets confirm the statements and prophecies made some weeks ago, after the review of a few leading models sent over then by Parisian designers as a sort of avant-courier of what was to follow. There is much yet to learn and to tell of the dainty and wonderful chapeaux still in embryo. Enough, however, is assured to make the following statements: For those who have a strong preference for the large broad-brimmed hats in Rubens, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough styles there are already this season a wonderful variety shown, with more to follow. This style of hats is far too picturesque, stylish and becoming to be abandoned long. The fact that the manufacturers two years ago sent caricatures of the original Gainsborough into the market by the ton thereby relegated the shape to the shades for a time.

These styles, however, are not expected to rule to the utter extinction of small hats, the standard English walking hat, the Oxford and a modification of the Derby being again on the list of the approved and asserting their position as standard head coverings. The Directors, Queen Mab, Langtry, Cottage, Gypsy and close French cap-bonnets all reappear again this season with but slight changes, and are to be found in plain or fancy lace straws, dyed in all the new and fashionable shades of color to match the costume.

A BACHELOR'S JOKE.

The Race For a Husband.

A young nobleman of this city, of marriageable age, not long ago came to the conclusion that it was time for him to look out for a wife. His pursuit in life not being of the most strenuous character, he had leisure to combine amusement with research. Accordingly he advertised his wants in a Milanese paper, requesting that every answer to the advertisement might be accompanied by the portrait of the lady who replied.

The result was sixty-five letters with as many maidenly countenances as would furnish a good sized album. Embarrassed by a choice of such unexpected variety, and desirous to gratify that sense of humor which even the serious nature of his quest could not repress, the young man replied to each of his correspondents.

Without the knowledge of the others he sent a ticket for an orchestra stall in the Scala theatre, announcing that he himself would be in a particular box, the number and situation of which he stated. A few evenings later the theatre-going public of Milan were perplexed to explain the appearance of one of the rows of stalls in that immense building.

A long line of beauties, in toilets of extreme elegance, unbroken by a single black coat, was observed. Furiously, and with trepidation did each damsel from time to time raise her opera glass to that box—the cynosure of many bright eyes—in which the graceful youth reposed. Suspiciously, and with darkened brow, did each damsel turn to the long file of their neighbors, and wonder at the magnificence which drew each glass to the central post.

By-and-by the audience, to whom some hint of the secret had leaked out, began to give audible signs that they enjoyed the joke. The sporadic laughter of the theatre increased the confusion of the young ladies, and the contagion of the fun turned the sporadic mirth into a general roar.—Ex

CASKY.

Terror Warfield is in the city.

Col. Young and Major Bart went to Clarksville Monday.

A tramp registered in a box car at this place last week.

Col. W. W. Hancock, of your city, was in town last week.

R. F. Rives and family went to Nashville Thursday.

Charlie Almy is keeping very close now for reasons best known to himself.

Strother Banks, traveling salesman for Bamberger, Bloom & Co., paid our merchants a visit last week.

Will Ogburn and Capt. John Ely attended Sunday school last Sunday. They are both Sunday school boys.

South Christian's talking machine was in the city last week.

An office of the Southern Express Company has been established at this place, which long has been needed.

H. R. Morgan, our enterprising cooper, is shipping hogheads to Tennessee by the car loads.

The R. R. Company will erect a depot at this place sometime this month for which Col. Hancock is offering prayers daily.

Judge Brasher has charge of the justice machine at this place. Judge is a gentleman of the first water, and will deal out law according to Blackstone.

"Ta ta"

CURLY.

He Agreed That It Would.

[Detroit Free Press.]

In front of a Detroit butcher shop yesterday a butcher sat cleaning a revolver. It was a rusty old "Colt" which had not been used for years and was to be put in order and traded off. A shoemaker came along directly and observed:

"Of course there'll be an accident?"

"Y-e-s, I presume so."

"It isn't loaded is it?"

"Oh, no."

"But it will go off?"

"It will."

"I never saw a revolver without wanting to handle it. Let me look at that weapon. Ah! I'm satisfied now that it doesn't contain any stray bullets. Do you suppose you could hit my foot at that distance?"

"Certainly I could. Now if she was loaded I'd take dead sight like that and pull the trigger and—"

The shoemaker jumped two feet and yelled like an Indian, and when he came down he danced and kicked and galloped around until people thought him crazy. It was only after a crowd had collected and cornered him up in the shop that any one found out the trouble. The butcher had put a bullet along the sole of his foot close enough to draw blood.

"I told you she'd go off!" howled the shoemaker, as he set with his boot in his hand.

"And didn't I agree with you," innocently responded the butcher.

Had Served Together.

[Middletown Transcript.]

"Your face is very familiar," said a Boliviano man to a thoughtful person whom he chanced to sit beside in a railroad train. "It strikes me that we were colleagues in the Ohio legislature in 1855." "You are mistaken," replied the thoughtful person, "it was in the Ohio penitentiary we met. You had a cell just across the corridor from mine."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," said the other. "My memory is a little tickle at times but I felt sure that we served our state together in some capacity. I had got it into my head that it was in the legislature. My mind is much relieved to know I was not there. Let us congratulate each other."

SOUTH KENTUCKY COLLEGE
FOR MALES AND FEMALES.

Second Term, 34th Year Begins January 21, 1884.

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R. C. DEWEES, M. A., Prof. of Greek, Philosophy and English.

R. H. WILDERHUGH, C. E., Prof. of Natural Science, Commerce and Commandant of Cadets.

FRANK L. BRYAN, Graduate of Leipsic University, Prof. of German and French.

MRS. SALLIE ABERNETHY, M. A., Teacher of Preparatory Department.

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Miss LILLIAN C. WALKER, Teacher of Art.

JAS. A. YOUNG, M. D., Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology.

C. H. HENRICH, Esq., Lecturer on Commercial Law.

TUITION FEES: \$25.00 on the Collegiate Department; \$25.00 in Music with \$5.00 for use of piano for practice; \$20.00 in Preparatory Department; Primary Department, \$15.00. No incidental fees whatever.

Young gentlemen and young ladies need only in the presence of a teacher, BOARDING FACILITIES. Prof. and Mrs. Deeweese will have charge of the Boarding Department for young ladies. Every thing will be furnished in the family of Professor Deeweese. Young gentlemen will be provided with good board in the family of Professor Deeweese at \$20.00 per term. Special attention called to the military feature. Uniform suits of Cadet gray, including cap, for \$17.50. For additional particulars address:

S. R. CRUMBAUGH, President, Hopkinsville, Ky.

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McCamy, Bonte & Co.,

CARRIAGE MAKERS

And Dealers in Farming Implements & Harvesting Machinery,

FACTORY, SPRING STREET, NEAR MAIN,

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY.

Fine Carriages, Rockaways, Buggies, Etc., Etc.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

[Nov. 23, '83-84]

NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.

J. G. HORD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Flour, Meal, Bacon, Lard, Molasses, Coffee, Sugar, Canned Goods, Glassware, Queensware, Cutlery, Eggs and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. I am selling

Staple and Fancy Groceries

as cheap as any house in the city. The interest of my customers is my interest and I shall always endeavor to give you the best weights and the most goods for the least money.

CALL AND SEE ME AT MY NEW STAND ON VIRGINIA ST.

[Nov. 18, '83-84] I also have a large stock of CLAY BOARDS which I will sell very low.

[Sep 18, '83-84]

WHEELER, MILLS & CO., Prop's

Tobacco Warehousemen and Grain Dealer.

All Tobacco Insured until sold. Liberal advances on consignments.

NASHVILLE STREET, HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Nov. 1-84.

CANT & CAITHER,

Proprietors of Planters' Warehouse,

Tobacco Warehousemen and Commission Merchants,

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY

Nov. 1-84.

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NELSON & JESUP,

Tobacco Warehousemen and

General Commission Merchant

Railroad St. Hopkinsville, Ky. Liberal Advance on Produce in Store.

Nov. 1-84.

Don't Forget Honest John,

Who can be found on the corner of

NASHVILLE AND VIRGINIA STS.,

with the cheapest line of goods in the city such as

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES, ETC. Also a full line of MILLINERY GOODS

and y-33-15-87

PAYNE & YOUNG,

DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Hardware, Glassware, Tinware, Queensware,

Woodenware, Tobacco and Confectioneries, Country Produce a specialty.

NASHVILLE ST., HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

[Nov. 1883-1884]

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A resident of Moulana was out hunting recently, and a storm coming up he crept into a hollow log for shelter. After the storm abated, he endeavored to crawl out, but found that the log had swelled so that it was impossible to make his exit. He endeavored to compose himself as much as possible, but with indifferent success. He thought of all the mean things he had ever done, and finally his mind reverted to the fact that instead of subscribing for his local paper, he was in the habit of borrowing them from his neighbor and the defrauding the printer. On this point he felt so small that he slipped out of the log without an effort and went straight away and subscribed for his home paper.—Chicago Courier.

Col. E. M. Driscoll, was killed in the cars while walking on the track at Cummysville.

The Harrodsburg Dude will start at Harrodsburg, Ky., the first of April and will be distributed gratuitously on court days. It will have two associate editors and a flight editor.

Special attention given to the Feeding and Boarding of Horses. Open day and night.
[12-30.]

B.F. MITCHEL G. P. A.
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Nos. 32, 33 and 33½ Osburn Block,
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